THE NEW IDEAL.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1890. NO. 3.

EDITORIAL.

GENERAL TOPICS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"THE other side" is always welcome to representation in our pages — limited only by the limits of space.

IN THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY.

THE *Woman's Journal* thinks that three petitions that went to the Massachusetts Legislature during February "will be read with curiosity a hundred years hence." We think they will be read with curiosity now:

> One petition asked that a mother may have the same right to her child that its father has, and that neither parent shall have a right to dispose of its custody or to apprentice the child without the consent of the other. Another petition asked for an amendment of the law of contracts between husband and wife, so that if either borrows money of the other and gives a note or promise to pay, the note or promise shall be valid, as it would be if given to any other person. The third petition asked for a law that will allow a widow to live more than forty days in the house of her deceased husband without paying rent. And this is in Massachusetts! A Boston paper well says, "Now that we have ceased to hang witches, it would seem that we might cease to torment mothers, wives and widows."

CREED-RESTIVE.

A BREATH from the Open will sometimes do wonders for men — for some men — even for some ministers — who have never to any extent dared to read or think outside of their denomination's conventional, prescribed course. The following note from a Universalist minister will explain itself, and is worthy of being put into type as showing the fresh breeze, however temporary it may prove, to which, in one expanding soul at least, the "breath from the Open" grew:

> "I must have THE NEW IDEAL. I have read the sample copy from beginning to end, with pleasure and instruction, and feel as though I had never been in better company in my life. Put me on your list of subscribers. I am glad you sent me the Magazine; and I am glad — glad all through — that you are publishing the

kind of a Magazine that is before me. I have thought for many days that the Universe is too large, and the soul of man too great, to be measured by any ecclesiastical foot-rule, or weighed in the scales of a partial science. How dwarfed and emasculate seem the creed-makers! Who wants to stifle after breathing the free air? Free!—grand word. Its letters are the four cardinal points of the compass, the North, East, South and West of the soul's world. I rejoice in the light which you have put upon a candlestick, to give light to all that are in the room; heartily I wish you good-speed in the work you are doing."

CREED-CONTENT.

SHALL we dare, after printing the item immediately preceding, to quote from a letter written to us by another minister after reading the identically same issue of THE NEW IDEAL which proved to the first man such an inspiration? In planting, much indeed depends upon the soil into which one's seed shall fall!—

"Thank you for a copy of your Magazine. It *is* 'a good stimulator,' as it antagonizes every atom of my soul, and everything I hold dear in the world to come. Your aim is to educate the masses to make the Ideal the Actual, etc. Ask yourself of your prospects. How are you to reach the drunken, besotted Papist with your Ideal? O Sisyphean task! Your Magazine approves of Emerson on 'Worship,' when he says, 'Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him; but a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor,' etc. Dear Mr. Editor, that day *never* comes, except and only to the man who is born of the Spirit of God according to John iii: 7–8 ['the wind bloweth *where it listeth*,' etc.], which, I take it, is afar from your Ideal."

Yes, we confess it is! We would not have any man, in order that he may be honest, wait for a "divine" wind to blow which (if we may trust the creeds) *may* sometime come—*and may not.* The Ideal is for a man to be honest anyway, without either fear of hell or hope of heaven. But witness the distrust, the base idea of man, evident all through this letter! And no wonder, when the church has ever *preached* "debasement," and worked for regeneration only by miracle, never once yet calling on man to believe *himself* his own only "saviour," nor instructing him how to act in accordance with such idea. Well, "the church" may indeed still hold back, continuing to love to sit in darkness; but "the world," to-day, we may rejoice, swings rapidly around into the sun.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

CAN any one justly complain that THE NEW IDEAL is partial—that it presents continuously one side of any topic, and not the other? To be sure, the same mail will frequently crowd us between two fires—the "conservative" bewailing the fact that we are trying to knock the props out from under everything conventional and good; the "radical" mourning that we are giving such excellent new

ground for the upholding of the conventional and bad! But let both sides read, in this issue, the exceedingly earnest word of Mr. Gronlund, among the "General Contributions," and the exceedingly earnest word of Mr. Powell, in the "Correspondence" pages, and every man then decide for himself (if he can!) where he ought to stand, and how he ought to work.

"THE RACER."

SHOULD such a poem be printed? Can the publishing of it "do any good"? Does its severity, its "bitterness," annul whatever pathos it possesses? If, however, it is a real cry—a cry *de profundis*—and a cry without the faintest hope of relief—if it is a *human* cry, by all means let us hear it, that we may know whether the grief which is its burden may be lightened or not. And, before condemning it or its publication, let any one disposed to deprecate it first read Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty," and *then* make expression.

PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT-GRIST.

A WIDE and refined reader, one much interested in this Magazine, sends the following excerpts, with the exultant remark, "Here is indeed grist for the mill of your NEW IDEAL." Concerning the first of the two he suggestively adds: "All this from an Orthodox divine!"

In an article entitled "Mansfield College," in the *Contemporary Review*, Principal Fairbairn says: "Criticism has become as it were the normal attitude of the modern mind. Men will dispute, doubt, affirm and deny; for religion cannot live to the imagination when it has died to the reason, or command the conscience when it has forsaken the intellect.' Again he declares, quite eloquently: "Men who believe dare not be silent about their beliefs. The enthusiasm of faith lives all the more intensely that its right to be is denied; and the very attempt to teach knowledge without religion would evoke the victorious and protesting resistance of the men who believe that all knowledge is religious."

From "Amiel's Journal": "It is truth alone—scientific, established, proved and rational truth—which is capable of satisfying nowadays the awakened minds of all classes. We may still say, perhaps, 'faith governs the world,'—but the faith of the reason, and in science."

LINCOLN AN ALARMIST.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN then, too, must fall from his lofty niche! Why will men rake up with their scavenger-forks words which all clever conservative society-folk must read with mental disturbance and moral deprecation? We cannot believe that the cool-brained, honest-hearted martyr-president was ever so short-sighted and witless. This is what he is now (of course libelously) accredited with declaring:

I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result

of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel, at this point, more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war.

AGNOSTIC MONISM.

NUMBERS have held, and made frequent complaint, during a year or more, that we have permitted in our pages, from one writer, such an amount of "abuse" of "reverent Agnosticism," without giving space to the other side. We have not been conscious of injustice,—"the other side" *has* been, at least to some extent, represented. We have not been conscious of intentional injustice,—more would have been printed if it had been deemed by us *necessary*. But now, on the appearance of the present number, we expect the *theistic* side to storm. Perhaps the opponents of Agnosticism would do well to "skip" the note to Dr. Montgomery's article: we hope some of them will, for as a rule we find the preponderance of egotism and abuse on the theistic side. "Poor God," said Emerson, "with nobody (so many!) to help him."

A SOCIALISTIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

THE "Encyclopædia Brittanica" will have to be suppressed. Chicago and New York, at any rate, will doubtless at once proceed to banish it, when they learn that it contains "explanations" like the following; and all good Christian citizens, regardless of residence, will not sleep till they have removed from their copies the leaf where such horror of impartiality is printed. To couple in one sentence Christianity and Socialism——!

> Yet in the midst of the various theories that go by the name of "socialism" there is a kernel of principle that is common to them all. The principle is of an economic nature, and is most clear and precise. The central aim of socialism is to terminate the divorce of the workers from the natural sources of subsistence and of culture. The socialist theory is based on the historical assertion that the course of social evolution for centuries has gradually been to exclude the producing classes from the possession of land and capital and to establish a new subjection, the subjection of the workers, who have nothing to depend on but precarious wage-labor. It should be said that the ethics of Socialism are closely akin to the ethics of Christianity, if not identical with them.

VICE-PRESIDENT DOUGLASS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In the February NEW IDEAL, in noticing Mr. Holland's communication concerning Frederic Douglass and the Free Religious Association, you stated that Mr. Douglass was already a Vice-President of the Association. You might have added that he was one of the speakers at the principal session at the Annual Meeting

at Tremont Temple two years ago, and that he was one of the prominent after-dinner speakers for the Association two or three years before that. He has been a frequent and always a most welcome speaker at others of the May meetings, and we are sure that he always will be warmly welcomed in Boston."

WORSE AND WORSE.

We lately find three different Boston papers printing these three different items. If even the daily press, and in Massachusetts at that, is to begin to circulate such socialistic "stuff" as these paragraphs contain, we shall all have to give up in despair, and let the inevitable take its own course. The New Ideal would hear all sides, and give space to all sides, in order that the Truth may come; but, notwithstanding our strivings, it would seem to be Fate that only the Right shall finally come uppermost — Fate that Justice shall some time be done!

Seven dollars a week on which to support a big family! I get $3,500 a year for doing nothing compared with these people, and yet well-fed ministers stand in their pulpits and wonder at the restlessness of labor.— *Rev. Thos. K. Beecher.*

President Eliot found upon inquiry that $250 a year would support any family at Mt. Desert. And yet this sum fails to support some families a single day there. Perhaps, as he says, the Socialistic and Nationalistic literature of the day *is* 'too despondent'; but the picture of waste and want side by side throws a rather dark shading over the text of equality.

The farmers also have need to fear land monopoly, when we hear of Vanderbilt purchasing 2,000,000 acres; Murphy, of California, 4,063,000 (equal to the whole of Massachusetts); H. Diston, of Philadelphia, 4,000,000; Standard Oil Co., 1,000,000; railroads, 2,000,000. A few more purchases, and less than one hundred men will own one-half of the United States. The same number now own one-half of Great Britain, and enslave 18,000,000 of men.

UNIVERSALISM.

When once it has gone forth, it is a hard matter to go out after a sharp word and expect to catch it and bring it back, and "cabin, crib, confine" it. Often however it is no less unethical to take a sharp phrase or sentence out of the connection which to some extent modifies and explains, if it does not altogether justify it, and print it as an inexplicable and bare-faced attack, than it is to utter the original sharp phrase with the explanation. If The New Ideal's January "Topic," contrasting the current "progressiveness" of much in the Episcopalian and Congregationalist folds with the constantly apparent lack of progress in Unitarianism and Universalism, was (possibly) a needlessly sharp word, the sarcasm and mis-statements of the Chicago *Universalist* in connection with the "Topic" are not exactly oil on troubled waters. Any reader of The New Ideal

knows very well that this Magazine has never regarded "all religion except 'free religion' as a sham and deceit." But we are content to let a Universalist minister himself conclude this section. We quote from a recent letter to THE NEW IDEAL — a letter not from the same Universalist minister that is referred to under the current Topic "Creed-Restive," but one in another State; and there are getting to be many such, in many States:

"Our Conventions are discussing the 'Increase of the Ministry,' and wondering why we don't grow faster. Very few men are willing to say that the end of knowledge and religion was reached fifty years ago. The Presbyterian church is just destroying the notion that the framers of the Westminster Creed knew everything. And I am certain, for myself, that some men in the Universalist denomination will yet learn that there are some things which their minds have not discovered. When they once realize that, then, and not till then, will our ministry increase."

REV. JACK HALL AND THOMAS PAINE.

WE do not often find anything in *The Unitarian* progressive enough to quote. Having found the following, therefore, we rejoice over it, and shall have heartier thought of our esteemed contemporary forever hereafter:

WE wonder what the Rev. John G. Hall, D.D., would think of us if we printed an article about him under the title "Jack Hall," and persisted all the way through in calling him Jack? Yet he publishes an article in the *Magazine of Christian Literature* headed "Tom Paine," and proceeds throughout the article to call the author of "The Crisis" and "The Age of Reason" "Tom."

And the worst of it is that in this ungentlemanly way of speaking he is simply following the practice of orthodox preachers and writers generally. Why does such a practice prevail? Do our orthodox friends think they help their cause by calling an opponent nick-names? They wish of course to heap opprobrium upon a man whom they dislike, and take this means of doing it. The reason why they dislike Paine is because he wrote "The Age of Reason," a very powerful arraignment of the doctrine of Bible infallibility. But would not arguments be more convincing, as well as more gentlemanly, and more becoming to a writer who professes to be a Christian, than disparaging names? Thomas Paine is by no means an ideal character, but there is every reason to believe that he was an honest and sincere man, as he was certainly a very able man, and a man to whom this country owes a debt of gratitude greater than she can ever pay. But if he had never done anything for his country he would still have a right to be treated with common civility. In the dark days of the Revolution when Thomas Paine's voice rose above every other in its advocacy of the American cause, when his "Crisis" was read by the command of Washington at the head of every regiment of the Continental army, and when "the pen of Paine" was named everywhere in the same breath with "the sword of Washington" as the hope of the struggling colonies, little likely did it seem that in a few years' time religious bigotry would have taught the American people to forget that splendid service, and to treat the man who rendered it with an indignity which one calling himself a gentleman and a Christian should put upon no man.

If Thomas Paine were alive Dr. Hall would owe him a most humble apology; as it is he owes such an apology to the American

people. Wrote Paine: "Any system of theology that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system." Is it not about time for some one else to write: "Any system of theology that prompts its adherents to be unfair and disrespectful to opponents cannot be a true system"?

THE DEATH OF A. T. LILLY.

By the death, on Jan. 21, of Mr. Alfred T. Lilly, of Florence, Mass., the cause of Rational religion at large, as well as of the Cosmian Society of that city in particular, loses an active and faithful worker. He was a man of iron will, of a rugged, invulnerable individuality, that held inflexibly to its own course against all opposition, wise or otherwise. He began his career with nothing save indomitable energy and devotion to unpopular causes, in whose service he never flinched to the hour of his death. Should we look for the characteristics that make even those who differed most widely from him in matters of belief ready to affirm that he has left the world better for his living in it, we should find them to be these: mental integrity, a strong moral purpose, and a warm heart. These, added to the circumstances of early and constant struggle, made him what he was. It is said that he never forgot a favor, and it always seemed, when he was asked for help, as if the first thought occurring to him was that he himself had also needed and received help. It was an unfailing source of pleasure to him to dwell upon the life of Voltaire, finding likenesses between the experiences of the illustrious Frenchman and himself that he liked to dwell upon and talk of. Inheritance and environment united to make him both successful business-man and philanthropist. His life-work, stated in one comprehensive phrase, was — devotion to truth, as he saw it, and enthusiasm for humanity. For example, for him Freethought was from the first inseparably connected with the Anti-Slavery conflict. To hold such views, even for many years after Mr. Lilly held them, meant social ostracism. "Above all things, truth beareth away the victory," was the central point of the unwritten life-creed of the early pioneers of Freethought and free men. It was also the unwritten life-creed of Mr. Lilly, from early manhood to the very moment of his death. Not truth according to some sect or system, but truth absolute and impartial — though again we add, "as he saw it." Naturally Mr. Lilly was the friend of education. His early and constant interest in the Kindergarten showed plainly that his mind was open to new methods in education as in other things. For the present, the most widely known of his public gifts for educational purposes, outside of his benefactions in Florence itself, is the Lilly Hall of Science at Smith College — open alike to women and men.

"SHE SLEEPS."

SHALL we dare enter the secret sorrow of a friend, even to make known, for the good to others which may ensue, the comfort and resignation which both he and his orphaned children find in the holding of certain thoughts? From a private letter we make the following extracts. We may state, perhaps, that the man who writes is a Unitarian minister,—a man, therefore, of thought, of culture, of attainment. And he is also, as we personally know, a man of helpful work and of true worship. This much, considering the unusual character of the matter offered, it may be only wise and right for us to preface:

She was frankly honest and truthful; she was pure and loving. Great indeed, then, is the loss to our little children,—nine, seven and five years old, respectively,—and to me.

Yet are there three or four principal sources of comfort when our friends die. 1st.) The assurance that they can no longer suffer. My little children, even, seized eagerly upon this.

2d.) The assurances from friends, in whose faces we read downright honesty, and "love without dissimulation," that they are in sorrow for us.

3d.) The carrying on of the unfinished work, the fulfilling of the high desires, of those who have passed away,—completing what they designed.

4th.) Doing good, and helping those who are more wretched than ourselves. This last is accepted as a philosophy, but really is little known as a practical comfort in actual life; yet it is the greatest of all in value, unless we except the first above named.

For two years or more my wife knew that she must soon die, leaving "this bright world," as she called it, and all whom she loved. Yet she took comfort in the faith that she was not, in addition to the sadness of death, to be transported millions of miles away, to a heaven in the center of the universe—a most painful separation from all whom she regarded with affection; nor to float about in the air around us.

As for my little-ones, no sensitive children ever found more help in such sorrow than mine find, believing that their mother "sleeps," as the Hebrews of old beautifully said, by the side of her mother. My little boy of five years says, "Isn't it nice that my mamma can sleep by the side of *her* mother?"—never again to wake to weariness or pain or want, or to consciousness of any evil!

The children have all been told by neighbors that their mother has "gone to heaven"; and I have asked each of them separately and alone which thought most comforts; and each one says, "It is better that it be as it seems—a sleep." That their grandfather and I should deem this the best might be due to our philosophy; but not so with them.

My own mother died when I was four years old. I was told that her spirit was not dead, and that she would rise again,—two statements which should destroy each other. But believing what I was told, I painfully watched for my mother. In distress, for years, I looked and hoped for her, only to be disappointed and grieved deeply in my childish breast. I could not resign the matter, tantalized as I was with that instruction.

The contrast between my own case then, and that of my children now, is most amazing, if we have not considered the natural effects of the the two methods of teaching. Believing that their mother

feels no pain, is not sorrowful nor joyful, will never think, nor feel anything good, or ill, again, they give up, or are "resigned," in a manner that I have never seen under the standard teaching,— a manner most comforting to themselves, and, of course, to me.

Yet she lives in her children, and in every thought uttered and kind deed performed. And so she is immortal.

RATIONALISM AND ORTHODOXY.

Modern Rationalism does not claim that, from one point of view, a high, fine desire for man has not been the labor of the leaders of thought in other years. On the contrary, it recognizes with keenest satisfaction the exalting truth — evidencing the inherent nobility of the human soul — that the intent of the saviours of the world in all lands and ages has been increase of true life — increase of true life for Man. The quarrel, then, which Modern Liberalism or Rationalism has with almost all of the older systems is not altogether of *object;* not altogether of *design:* but, to a large extent, only of *method.* This in a very general way, true,— and yet to a degree deserving of recognition, which is why we dwell upon it. The moment we touch upon *particulars,* even of object or design, there is, between the Theology of the old time and modern Rationalism, a great gulf fixed. But the general intent, the major drift, of the work of all religions, has been one and the same. Salvation! the salvation of man!

Begin to question, however, Salvation from what? or, Salvation *to* what? or, Salvation *by* what? — there at once the older Theology and modern Rationalism differ widely — there immediately they part company. So that their respective methods of *operation* naturally differ widely too. Of course if there is the need apparent of salvation; the need of a larger, happier, more blissful life for man,— as there always has been such need apparent in the tender, solicitous hearts of men like the Buddha and Jesus and Channing,— in the hearts too, and probably with no less degree of fervor, even of men like Calvin and Spurgeon and Moody; then will there be, in the souls of the world's earnest workers, a great desire to bring that salvation about, accompanied by all sorts of unremitting labor and self-sacrifice on their part in the publication of their respective schemes. If, however,— and how often this has been the case! — if the nature of the salvation so apparently and painfully needed by man be *mistaken,* then will an erroneous line of procedure be pursued, in furtherance of the attempt to bring the salvation to pass. If the salvation that is deemed necessary be salvation from the arbitrary wrath and consequent arbitrary inflictions of an Autocrat Deity, one method will

be pursued. If the salvation deemed necessary be salvation from the fear of a personal devil,—a devil in many points little different from the popular God,—or salvation from the pains of a future hell,—another line of procedure will be followed. Again, we to-day, who lay no whit less stress than has ever in the world been laid on the necessity of salvation for man, yet who deem the nature of that salvation something very different from a need for deliverance from the wrath of an offended God or from the fear of eternal torment,—we have still different methods. Yet all alike have worked, and are working, with one end in view—the good of man.

The writer is repeating this over and over, here, because he often feels that, pressed on as we are to-day by the extremely painful consciousness of the utter futility of most of the current religious methods to do for man what he really needs; startled more and more each new year—as our own sight of man's real needs and of the proper method of meeting them become clearer and clearer—by the popular religion's foundationless hopes and promises; oppressed, often beyond patient endurance, by the mighty waste of time and energy and money consumed in simply fruitless ecclesiastical observances, we fail to recognize even the *soul* of good, the *spirit* of truth, which all widely-accepted errors hold fast within them. No doctrine, theological or economic, held in the world by large bodies of men during long periods of time, has ever been wholly erroneous, altogether illogical, absolutely profitless. And the true work of Liberalism to-day is the searching out, and the opening to view, not only of all new truth, but also of all helpful old truth; this in simple justice to the past, and out of respect for the sad, painful evolution of man.

Liberalism, surely, must never spare to destroy. It *must* hew down and carve away. So long as untiring "religious" teaching, so-called, continues to persist in the world, of such disastrous nature as that which we observe about us every day, so long will the mission of Liberalism fail not. It must never hesitate, then, to annul the bad, to do away with whatever is vicious and unprofitable. There is still altogether too much unfounded, unscientific "trust" in the world—altogether too much blind "faith" on the part of men; faith in the magical, in the supernatural. All of this, every whit of it, must be rooted out, effectually and forever, before the destructive part of the work of Rationalism will be over. What we all well know, and what a few of us, at least, do not hesitate to say that we know, is what that wonderful woman of the Society of Friends, Lucretia Mott, once asserted that she "feared," when, in a time of moral crisis, James Freeman Clarke had piously

remarked to her, "The Lord reigns, let us not be afraid." "What I fear," said she to Mr. Clarke, "is this: that the superstitious idea that 'things are in the hands of the Almighty' will cause indolence, and too great tolerance; that it will cause the only really effective instrument known to man, which is to say the *moral human laborer*, to cease from exertion." In the words of another, "It is because the bondage of society and custom and ecclesiasticism keeps men from *doing as they ought* that we are justified in hounding it to death." The work of Rationalism as a destructive power will not by any means cease yet from its labor; — not while a single "religious denomination" remains, whether Orthodox or heterodox, Calvinistic or Unitarian, which by its teachings hinders men, directly or in the remotest degree indirectly, from "*doing what they ought.*" Nevertheless, we are confident its greatest work is the work of affirmation and upbuilding rather than simply of negation and down-pulling, however valuable these in their place and time. And from one point of view, destruction is itself upbuilding, denial is affirmation; for seldom, we believe, is either put into operation simply for its own sake; the rather, almost always are they made use of that larger and truer and nobler and better and more helpful life may come to pass on earth.

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE NOBILITY OF MAN.

According to Jonathan Edwards, the saved will be rendered more joyful by a sight of the damned in their misery. He also portrays the lost as cursing the elect and God in their misery. Will they do it? It is a practical question concerning human nature. Speaking gently, was not Mr. Edwards at least mistaken? I am aware that a general conviction existed in New England, and exists still among Christians, that the saved ought, in order to honor the Eternal God, to approbate his judgment and rejoice in the taking off of his enemies; while it seems equally certain that an antagonist of God can have no pleasure like that of uttering maledictions on the redeemed. But will they do it? Is human nature of that sort?

Last Summer, when the terrible cyclone struck the war-ships stationed at Samoa, there were gathered in and around the little Bay of Apia six men-of-war, besides a fleet of vessels of commerce. Several of these were already beached or torn in pieces by the terrible gale. But the intensest interest centered in the huge English flag-ship Calliope and

the American flag-ship, the Trenton. These two were driven in one terrific struggle about the harbor, every moment in danger of collision with each other or with the reef. The Calliope had already struck the Vandalia and crushed her huge timbers. The Trenton's fires had gone out, and she lay helpless and doomed. The men felt sure of speedily finding a grave in the water. There were four hundred of them — lost.

The captain of the Calliope determined on the most gallant maneuver on record. To avoid further collisions he gave orders to cut away the anchors, put on every pound of steam, and head out of the harbor. The steamer for a moment stood still, quivering. The vast waves broke over her. The men below worked as they never worked before. Then she began to gain, inch by inch, then foot by foot, and yard by yard. She must steam with the most skilful seamanship between the Trenton and the reef. She went by in safety. The mouth of the harbor was gained — the open sea at last.

Then it was that human nature showed itself. The Trenton, lying helpless, was covered with men who saw no hope for themselves, and expected speedily to be overwhelmed. As they looked off through the waves and storm, louder than its roar went up their shout of salvation, — not for themselves, but for the Calliope! "Three cheers for the Calliope!" was the echo that reached the English sailors. "Three cheers for the Calliope!" A London journal says, "It was the expression of immortal courage. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood,— the doomed saluting the saved."

This I believe is human nature. If we are some day to see our friends pass into Paradise, while we are waiting inevitable doom, we will give three cheers that they are saved. Will they not send back a cry of encouragement for us, and as soon as possible organize a rescue? If not, then the human nature of the saved is less noble than that of the British sailors on the Calliope.

I believe the whole error of theology grows out of a false estimate of human nature. Calvinism stands on that corner-stone. The old-fashioned prayer-meeting had as its controlling key, self-denunciation; while the pulpit rang with condemnation of human nature. I do not wonder that the present disruption of the Westminster standards is based largely on the revolt of common sense against the doctrine of human depravity.

In my Calvinistic days, I learned some very severe lessons on this point. There were two men who came within my circle of work in a western city, who seemed to me the least desirable and most totally depraved of all whom I

met. One was a lawyer, a boosing, rough, noisy, licentious fellow, unpatriotic in war-time, and surely "totally depraved." The other was a maudlin, cursing street-drunkard, who worked only to earn enough to keep himself in whiskey, and was also a "copperhead" in war-time. These two men, in my zeal, I passed by. To tell the whole truth, I detested them, and considered them hopeless. Judge of my humiliation when, one night, a knock on my study door led to the admission of this very lawyer. He came in the misery of a troubled spirit and unhappy life, to tell me his history, and his secret unsuspected longings. His downfall began with the seductive temptations of a married woman and church-member. He opened his soul to me and it had many a noble germ in it. There was no fall from Adam there, but a state far ahead of born-innocence. It showed a terrible struggle, and an awful agony in defeat. But there were victories too. After that, as we met, there was a gentle tenderness between us, a something that the Greeks called "sun-patheia," which we translate very poorly as sympathy. As for the dirty John Randall in the street, of course there was no goodness there. But by accident we so met one day that I was compelled to speak to him. Judge of my surprise when I saw delight in his eyes. He at once put on the manners of a gentleman, lifted his hat and returned my greeting. We became fast friends. He never could do enough to please his "black-abolition friend." John had in fact lots of the milk of human-nature in him. Much of his viciousness was a dogged defiance of the condemnation of the pious.

It was such discoveries as these that broke up and undermined my inherited Calvinism. Human nature, instead of being totally or inherently bad, so that, as Edwards declared, God would hold us as a man holds a spider in a pair of tongs, I found to be the best thing on earth,— even in its worst phases waiting for regeneration. Considering all the circumstances, neither one of the poor fellows whom I have mentioned needed rebirth more than myself. Then I "came to myself," and went to my Father's house,— "Our" Father's.

A recent writer declares that if she found herself in Heaven she would organize a relief-corps to create a wholesome atmosphere in any region not socially comfortable and progressive. Is she not correct? Has not human nature in itself a power to overcome the devil,— whether the mythical Jehovah has or not? Is this not the secret meaning of human history, our power and determination to overcome wrongness with rightness? The gulf-current of history has, after all, been the moral propulsion toward helpfulness and altruism. It has existed from the outset; and

has grown stronger with the ages. We can kill the devil; and we will. It is not a fight in one world, but for the universe. Granted immortality, human nature will always be aggressive and progressive for good. King Asoka, the Buddhist, announced his determination to refuse to enter Paradise as long as any poor soul remained outside that needed his help. Our worst passion has been our passion for Heaven. It has misinterpreted humanity, misunderstood life, and come nearer to depraving some of us totally than any other vice. It has led to the supreme crime of damning the miserable. It has deified the principle of cursing.

Darwinism has done us no grander good than to reverse our views of man. Instead of a rebel against authority and love, it shows us the determined onward march of a being, born very humbly and with feeble moral and intellectual endowments. The triumphs of human nature make the poem of the past, and will determine the theology of the future. It will go hard with any God who undertakes to build a hell for the non-elect. When our Presbyterian friends write their new catechism, I can conceive that its first question will be, "What is the chief end of man?" and that the answer will be, "To develop his own manhood, and to put the universe to rights."

E. P. Powell.

SOCIALISM, LOVE, AND SYMPATHY.

Twice before in human history — by the birth of Buddhism and then of Christianity — the idea of Love and Labor for Humanity has emerged, and twice it became submerged by a strong reassertion of our old selfish impulses, the true "original sin," to wit, the heritage of our animal origin. Once again, for the third time, the sentiment has appeared, commencing in the last century; and ever since it has slowly struggled to assert itself in the moral consciousness of men. That it will this time succeed I have not a particle of doubt; for there is this tremendous difference between now and these former attempts, that these were but the generous efforts of gifted individuals, while the present movement is the outcome of what we may call the "Almighty" Evolution in human history. Its characteristic and prominent feature is, that the idea has filtered down to the lowest class, and put this very class into the front rank. This is what now is known in America as Nationalism: American Socialism, in other words.

But I cannot help, as a digression, to call attention to one lesson which these two previous efforts should teach us. It is this: that our progress evidently cannot consist in developing individuals. In Buddha and Jesus we surely have the highest possible moral and spiritual excellences; so in Socrates, Plato and Aristotle we have, by common consent, intelligence raised to the highest point attainable by man; and Phidias measures the same high-water mark in art. These men are types for us to approach, not standards for us to transcend. We surpass them as far as knowledge is concerned, of course; but as for mental and spiritual power there has not in these thousands of years been the least signs of increase. Now, all serious men admit, ay, insist, that we have been put into this world for some purpose; that there is, in truth, a work for Man on earth. If it is not to develop more and more intellectual, moral and spiritual *individuals*, what else can it be but to develop the *race*, to bring the masses up to the level of the few?

That requires Sympathy, Love.

And fortunately — and that, indeed, is one of the great signs of the times — sympathy between man and man is constantly increasing. If you will only reflect on it, you will find it wonderful, astounding, how sympathy has grown during the last centuries; how precisely during these centuries of cut-throat competition, resulting in constant lowering of Integrity, Love of our fellow-men has become both more intense and still more expanded. It is remarkable, considering how we are tempted in this age, as men never were tempted before, to pure selfishness, how unselfish men are, and how many unselfish men there really are in the world. And most encouraging is it that the greatest improvement has taken place in that respect among those we call the lowest classes. The charity of the poor to each other has now become almost proverbial. We can to-day hardly realize the behavior of these classes only a century ago, when we read about them in history and novels. They tell us how ferocious they were to poor wretches of *their own class*; how they pelted the miserable fellows in the pillory with rotten eggs, ay, with stones, so that often the pillory was worse than, and as fatal as, the gallows; how they cried to the executioner to make their victims "howl." What an altered change from this to the crowd of the same class that now frequently is known severely to punish a rowdy who insults old men and women.

Suppose now, for a moment, Socialism realized; suppose it to have been in force for a generation in our country, and we may, in imagination, picture to ourselves the height to which Sympathy then will have attained. We shall verily have God's kingdom on earth. It *must* turn out so; it will

be no miracle,—simply human nature. And this, it seems to me, ought to fill the many noble minds amongst us with enthusiasm and energy to bring about the change as soon as possible. I am by no means a gushing fellow. I can see much truth in Sir James Stephens' condemnation of those who slobber over with "love of humanity," and know only the minutest fragment of it, and therefore entirely ignore the fact that there are a great many wicked men in the world and that the vast majority are a very indifferent, unlovely crowd; and do not blame him very much for saying to such persons: "Please keep your love to yourself, sir! and do not daub me with it." I only say, that just as it is simply human nature that men are unlovely now, so it will be nothing but human nature for all in a Socialistic State to truly love each other.

First we must notice the changes which Socialism will bring about in our family-life, for sympathy for our fellow-men is strictly an outgrowth of family-affection; domestic life is really a miniature and school for our social relations. Now, unfortunately, it so happens that our most crying evils and wickedness arise from a disordered family-relation; and this, again, in most cases, can be traced to economic causes in some form. Our sexual relations, in the first place, reek with uncleanliness. The worst of all, of course, is Prostitution, which never before in our history has reached such enormities as in our age, and this has two economic roots: disinclination in men to marry young, for fear of being thrust down into a lower social rank; and the miserable wages of women. Nothing but deterioration of family-life can follow from the herding together of the operatives in our large manufacturing cities and villages, thrown rudely together in their work, and in boarding-houses that furnish none of the restraints of home. Our economic system leads fathers to sell their daughters—if but clergymen gild the transaction—to any unclean wretch whose pecuniary reputation is good; so that we may say that Christendom offers up an annual sacrifice to the merciless Moloch of our civilization. What sort of purity follows? Let our popular newspapers answer, with hints to clandestine commerce, with enigmatic notifications of adulterous meetings, and advertisements of abortionists. And in the next place, in the case of the majority of our workingmen, the children are cheated out of the advantages which the family-life was intended to secure them; for they are often sent into the streets to become bread-winners for the parents, as news-boys, boot-blacks, factory-operatives, at an age when the offspring of the rich are still in the nursery.

All this will be radically changed by Socialism.

First of all, it will enable every loving couple to marry, when young, by guaranteeing the husband a suitable career for life.

Next, by giving to all women power of earning their own living, at pleasure, by *suitable* employment, and with the same remuneration as men — something that is contrary to the very nature of the wage-system — the following three grand objects will be accomplished: women will not be under the necessity of prostituting themselves; they will no longer be tempted to marry for a home and support; and the marriage relation will be left — as it should be — in woman's keeping, and become in its essence an interior friendship and profound bosom-fellowship.

Lastly, if children, without regard to the condition of their parents, are guaranteed the full development of all their faculties, and a future career commensurate with their capacities, the rearing of offspring will be ennobled far beyond the scope of the most tender personal passion.

Happy homes are the indispensable foundations for the growth of general sympathy. But Socialism will do even much more for the superstructure than for the foundation.

Herbert Spencer has perhaps given us the very best picture that can be painted in words of the height which Sympathy may attain in a *competitive* society — the chapters that treat of this are decidedly the most interesting part of the whole book, "The Data of Ethics." He points out how, with decrease of pains and increase of pleasures, Sympathy will mainly show itself in the gratificatiou of participating in others' enjoyments; how emotional language will become more copious, the perception of this and other signs more delicate, the imagination strengthened,— thus identifying the sympathizer and the person sympathized with.

This, however, in Spencer's view, will be the result only of a slow, very slow evolution; for he cannot see any end to the present social order; competition will, according to him, rule to the end of time, for the Struggle for Existence is an "all-pervading law," and mankind is a crowd of monads who simply will be better and better fitted to this competitive State. It is therefore quite evident that the Sympathy that Spencer contemplates, however general it may in time become, will never be of a very intense kind. Indeed, the very highest kind of Sympathy, the crown of Morals, and which an ethical code cannot afford to lose, to wit, Self-sacrifice, is entirely absent. True, in Spencer's book we find the word "Sacrifice" frequently enough; but it is clear that in every place he means nothing but social amenities, such as every decent society now practises. There is another illustration of this: In one place Spencer mentions that he can imagine a future Society — not of

the highest kind, he admits, but yet a sort of "ideal" society — in which "the citizens, peaceable and industrious, and scrupulously fulfilling their contracts, *will yet yield to each other no other advantage beyond those agreed upon.*" And this is, in Spencer's eyes, an *ideal* society! I would not call it a *human* society. I frankly say, I would rather live in a society composed of the present inmates of our penitentiaries, than in such a one; for these would at least be men, with human sympathies as well as frailties.

Now, see how different a Socialist Society is. It will be one that looks back upon our present competitive State as simply a transition State. It will stamp the theory of "struggle for existence," while true enough for animals and savages, as a *lie* in regard to civilized man. It will be one that puts emulation in the place of competition, and which pronounces Individualism, or the doctrine that we are a crowd of monads, each come into the world for the sake of himself, a delusion. Instead, it will insist that Humanity is a social organism, a *Unity*, of which each of us is a member, and whose welfare it is our Duty to further. This will, indeed, be the great motive power of the Socialist Commonwealth, that it will bring this doctrine of the *organic* relation of human beings into the consciousness of mankind, and gradually and surely extend it over every department of human life. Nothing that we now experience can give us an idea of the energy and tenacity which Sympathy will acquire when every one becomes aware of the influence which the actions of each of us really have on human life, and of the *delight in life* for its own sake which will be the outcome of such Sympathy. Life will be the exact contrary to what it is now, when not uncommonly contempt for human nature is developed in our contact with men by the scorching probation of life, by the terrible battle for existence, in which frequently it is the unfit who survive and the unheroic who succeed. Loving dispositions now become poisoned by their life-experience, and proud natures, like Swift, are converted into gall, and come to feel hatred for their species.

As long as we consider ourselves a crowd of monads, our methods of intercourse are merely rudimentary; it is the doctrine of Society as a true organism, only, that will stimulate and inflame our good passions, and starve and discourage our bad ones.

LAURENCE GRONLUND.

When the call of Duty beckons,
Brother, be not thou the laggard.
Justice waits thy strong endeavor.

IDEALWARD.

Come, O thou wayward thought!
I take thee hand by hand
Into the direst land —
Counting not loss or gain,
Knowing the world hath taught
Ill of thy sweet command
And broken faith with thy strain.

Come, O thou wayward dream!
I bathe in thy hope, and the skies
Message the grace of thy stream;
Love, by a vision that keeps
Bravely the charge of its youth,
Pierces the cloudland that lies
Dark o'er the summit of truth
And shadows the crown in its deeps.

Come, O thou wayward trust!
They who would smite thee, smite
As love out of darkness: yet
Will the hand raised in hate be withdrawn:
I take thee — I follow; — I must
Sanction the feet of thy morn:
Whither they go must I set
Life on the rock of its might.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

OPTIMISM AND ETHICS.

NOTHING is more characteristic of modern religion, especially in its most liberal forms, than its optimism. We are told that everything happens for the best; and I have heard preachers insist so earnestly on this, at a funeral, as sorely to deepen the anguish of bereavement. Pain is sent, we hear, merely to warn us that we are breaking the laws of life, and to keep our feet in safe paths. Sorrow and suffering visit us here, in order to purify us and fit us for enjoying greater happiness than we could otherwise attain hereafter. Even sin has its mission; for how, without knowledge of evil, could we attain any knowledge of good? All the laws and forces of Nature act in harmony for our development in knowledge and virtue. Thus the universe is revealed to us in such perfection that we should not think of taking anything out of it. All is good in its time and place; even what seems evil is necessary to enable us to appreciate what is good; and "all the works of God declare his glory."

The subject is one which has long interested me; and it certainly needs scientific treatment. There is, no doubt, a sense in which good and evil work together; but we must

not lay such stress upon it as to forget the importance of the difference between right and wrong. Whatever may be the mission of temptations to sin, it is plainly our duty to fight against them. Both sin and suffering teach many lessons; but some of these lessons are not such as we ought to follow; and there are more of these dark teachers than the pupils need.

No one can say, in the first place, that it would be better for us to have more poverty and disease than we have at present, or more pain in any form. We rejoice to believe that there is less suffering now than formerly; and therefore we must admit that there was too much suffering in old times. We hope there will be less hereafter; and this is the same thing as to say that there is too much now. No one regrets the invention of the lightning-rod, chloroform and ether, or the discovery of quinine. Had not the many centuries which suffered from the lack of these blessings a right to regret the evils to which they were thus exposed? The contemporaries of Jesus would gladly have accepted such revelations as the best possible evidence of his Messiahship; and had he given such, he would have made a much deeper impression on historians like Josephus and Tacitus. We are told that Moses was inspired to write about leprosy; but why was he not inspired to cure it?

Again, leprosy is by no means the only disease that is still incurable. Cancer and consumption, for instance, are so in very many cases; and when these and most other diseases are cured, there is much suffering in the process. It is often said that disease is due to the failure of man to conform to the requirements of nature; but there are cases in which it is due to the failure of nature to conform to the requirements of man. Poisonous microbes appear when we have no reason to suspect them; unexpected heat causes sunstroke or fever, and unusually cold weather brings on pneumonia and diphtheria. Hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanoes, inundations, and excessive droughts, often inflict great and unavoidable misery upon the innocent.

A third sad fact about evils of this sort is that they often cause worse evils still. Thus, insanity usually begins with great irritability and sometimes tempts the sufferer to homicide. It is hard to see what good purpose was served by Mary Lamb's being led by insanity to murder her beloved mother. Drunkenness and other forms of vicious indulgence are often caused by mental disease. Facts of this kind alone would justify our looking at disease as positively evil. The physician is not working against "the will of God," but trying to remove evils from which we ought to wish to be free. Have we not a right to regret their existence? Cancer, consumption, and insanity,— volcano, earth-

quake, and hurricane,—must be called bad and evil: else there is no meaning in the words "right" and "good."

The case is still plainer when we consider, in the fourth place, how many instincts, which cause pleasure to the individual, do so much mischief to the race as to be justly condemned as vicious. John Stuart Mill says that "nearly every respectable attribute of humanity is the result of a victory over instinct." He says that this is particularly the case with courage, cleanliness, veracity, and justice. These are virtues which arise out of struggles against instincts which ought to be repressed; and so should cruelty be, and laziness, unchastity, and intemperance. These are evil things; and there is a great deal more of them than is at all necessary to help us understand that repressing them is good. Their ethical badness is not affected by the fact that while some of them, like drunkenness, are peculiarly human, most of them are inherited by man from the lower animals. These latter did not sin; but they did make each other suffer. Such instincts were evils from the beginning; and the evils became greater as man found them cause sin as well as suffering. In all stages of human existence they have been positive evils of the very worst kind; the best and noblest work that has ever been done upon earth has been in keeping them down. And it is a great pity to have optimism protect them against restraint.

A word must be added about another class of evils, which are too often confounded with those just mentioned. I mean institutions like war, slavery, and despotism, which were necessary in the early stages of human existence, but have become altogether unnecessary now. War was once the only means by which a nation could protect itself against invasion; and despotism was the only system under which life and property could be secure. War and despotism are curses now. Slavery, as it has existed in the nineteenth century, was a gigantic evil, and all the more pernicious because it had to be abolished by means of civil war. Optimists tell us that slavery and despotism were necessary to educate us for liberty; but there was a thousand-fold more of them than was needed for any such purpose. There were too many of these hideous teachers; they whipped the pupils altogether too hard; and they linger still on earth, long after it has become high time for them to depart. The fact that bad institutions were once good, does not prevent their becoming evil, when they have outlived their usefulness. There is a great work still to be done in getting them buried; and it is a pity to see optimism endeavoring to stop the funeral.

The main point I wish to make, however, is the necessity of keeping up the work of repressing vicious instincts, and

not letting any theories about philosophy or religion prevent our seeing that they were bad from the beginning. We need not turn pessimists or ascetics; but we owe it to society as well as to ourselves to treat evil as evil. We make good no better than evil if we try to treat evil as good.

F. M. Holland.

THE WORKINGMAN'S "WASTED LEISURE."

Can Mr. Frothingham's words, in The New Ideal for January, to the effect that the workingman wastes in unholy ways whatever new leisure he may gain, be true, as a rule? One who lives in a city of nearly 20,000 people, which is sustained by wage labor, may well inquire for the truth or error of the belief. This city of Waltham, like many others, is the product of labor. If the workmen should leave it, and go elsewhere, it would become as it was once, an expanse of scrub-oak and huckleberry-bushes. The following are the words especially questioned:

> "And it is my belief that the workingman, if he has more time, will at first, until a more rational spirit is brought to the rescue, be tempted to spend it in unholy ways, and will have to be enticed from the gin-shop to the library. There are exceptions, let us be thankful, but such is the rule."

The effect of these words, if any, is to discourage sympathy for the working-classes in their struggle for a reasonable proportion of leisure. And the words were at once quoted, without dissent, by a leading religious journal which professes liberal principles.

The first step in any belief is rigid examination of the facts which underlie that belief. Is there a ground of fact for Mr. Frothingham's belief concerning the vicious tendency of the workingman to spend his well-earned leisure in the gin-shop — as a rule? The workingman has already had opportunities to show what he will do with his added leisure. Thirty years and more ago the workers in Massachusetts made a gain in leisure by two and three hours per day, or from thirteen hours to ten. Plenty of gloomy predictions preceded the change. Has one of them proved true? Did any "moral interregnum," however brief, result? Did our Commonwealth, with its population of wage-laborers, feel any downward pull "at first," or at any time, in consequence of the easement of labor? If so, there should be tangible proof of it by this time. If the workingman gave to the gin-shop what he had gained from his hours of labor, then the welfare of Massachusetts suffered by so much. Where is the record of it?

If we have ground for belief in anything, it is that there has been a steady growth, in the State, of strict temperance, until we can believe that our State may soon adopt "prohibition" by common consent.* Late reports declare that the savings-banks, the coffers of the wage-worker, were never so full as now. Employers testify, often too reluctantly, that the workman accomplishes more and better work in the reduced time than before. There has been a steady increase in the use of the libraries of the State beyond the increase in population, and I cannot learn that the workman has to be especially enticed there, more than any other class. Evening-schools are multiplied every season to meet the demand of the day worker, who is debarred, from lack of time and wealth, from entering other colleges. At the news-counters it is said that the sale of a low sort of reading is no longer profitable — that it has "had to go" for lack of demand.

Certainly Massachusetts has taken no backward step since her workingmen have had larger leisure. The recruits of the gin-shop are more often from the antipodes of labor. It is *unearned* time and money on which the gin-shop flourishes best; and this is true everywhere as well as in Massachusetts. Witness the recent Ball of the Twelve Hundred — the petted darlings of Society — in the metropolis of the country, for whose gratification a wise law of the city was broken; and for what? That the small hours of the morning might be made odious by the pouring down of a thousand quarts of champagne in midnight (morning) revelry.†

Graves have opened in the cemeteries of this city to take in the wrecks from the gin-shop; but as a rule (to my knowledge never) the victims were not from the ranks of the workingman. They were men and women who didn't know the meaning of the word "labor." They were those who were "born with the silver spoon in the mouth,"— *i. e.*, born to inherited wealth and opportunity.

Some thinker has said, "Labor is purifying." Then what a long purification has the workingman undergone, fitting him to receive his slow-coming privileges! He learns their best use by long anticipation of their possession. He does not float aimlessly to the nearest gin-shop with his last-found pearl of opportunity, but his field is all ready and waiting in which to plant his new gain, that it may increase manifold.

No; in this city the increased leisure of the workingman finds its way to neater and more refined homes, and to a wider and higher range of interests,— and we may safely say, this city is no exception to other manufacturing cities.

* See statements in the daily press of the large and increasing number of towns which vote "No license."

† Seven hundred and fifty quarts was the actual supply.

After generations enough have passed, may there not come finally, instead of the "Socialism *and* Religion" of Mr. Frothingham, a Socialism which is religion itself, having outgrown hard selfishness, the fruit of man's grinding struggle upward?

MARY GUNNING.

QUID ERGO.

THE sun drinks ever from the sea;
The sea calls to the hills,
And far-off fountains, answering,
Send down their limpid rills:
But, over all, eternity
Is waiting for what is to be.

The soft air broodeth on the earth
With mystic alchemy,
And hidden power dreameth out
In flower and fruit and tree:
But Change, the poisoner, touches all,
And withers ever to the fall.

Through rents in teeming Under-Worlds
A myriad Lives arise,
And Nature takes the alien Quick
In tender motherwise:
But Death sifts earth, and strains the sea,
And casts out Life unsparingly.

Legions of Forces range around,
As loosed from ancient doom,
And change crowds change adown the gulf
Of Nature's living tomb:
But Time throbs on in Heaven for aye,
In ebb and flow of night and day.

With hands that feel an unknown hope
The old world toils for rest:
The grave calls ever to the womb,
And who knows which is best?
For Life yearns backward and before,
And feels an exile evermore.

C. A. LANE.

CHARACTER AND LOVE.

[THE advance notices of Mr. Martin's little book for Sunday Schools and the Home, bearing the above title, as the items have appeared in THE NEW IDEAL, have awakened more than a passing interest. The book is now ready, and below we quote, without comment, and as a matter of progressive interest, its Preface, two of its Responsive Sections, and one of its "Prayers." In our advertising pages the

complete titles of the twenty-seven topics are given,—such topics as Brotherhood, Character, Selflessness, Diligence, Integrity, Manhood, Justice. The book contains also twenty-four rational hymns. The work is already in use, to our knowledge, as a daily inspirer in rationalistic homes, and will soon enter other Sunday-Schools than that of the compiler. A lady, of forward-look, who has already ordered and distributed among her friends, or sent out on missionary work, two dozen or more of the volumes, writes of it as "a grand and beautiful little book, which must do immeasurable good in the world." Many among our readers will desire it,—if not for daily or Sunday-school use, then as a book of helpful, suggestive quotations to have by them for an "uplift" occasionally. It should be added, in this place, that the appending of Mr. Martin's name below, to the Sections here quoted, is simply in courtesy to him as their origin, and does not imply that they were selected by him for this purpose or that he is in any way responsible for their appearance here.—Ed.]

PREFACE.

This little book is an attempt to satisfy a deeply-felt need in Sunday-Schools connected with churches where a *progressive* Liberalism is espoused and set forth. The service-books now used in almost all "Liberal" Sunday-Schools are pervaded throughout with religious ideas wholly at variance with the pressing needs of a progressive faith, and with the finer phases of the rational spirit of our age.

To infuse simple yet high moral ideas and ideals into the minds of children, to present them with a conception of deity, deanthropomorphized to the greatest possible degree; to give them the thought and the feeling of the Divine Spirit that pervades Nature, the God-force that dwells in their own hearts and minds, so that the sense of Its presence shall quicken them to nobler living,—such should be the supreme aim in the production of a modern Sunday-School service-book. To fulfill this aim in the most complete way necessarily requires citations from the scriptures not only of the Jews and the Christians, but from the sacred scriptures of the world,—the Bibles of India, Persia, China, as well as the moral and religious works of Greek and Latin authors, and the more modern prophets and sages of the western world. The "prayers," too, must of necessity be different in their character from those commonly used, which are based upon an anthropomorphic theism no longer consistent with the cosmology of to-day. If our God be not the Yahweh of the Old Testament nor of the New, but a Spirit immanent in the world yet mystically transcending it; if character and love constitute the moral ideals which we most dearly prize, and to attain which is the end unto which we have been born; if we believe in Jesus and not in a "Christ"; in salvation through the divine within us and not through the agency of a saviour acting

from without; in the prayer of aspiration and not in that of supplication and request; in the miracle of law and not in the law of miracle;—if we believe in these grand truths, we should instill them into the minds of the young, and not suffer them to be misguided and ill-taught through service-books which contain religious ideas foreign to and out of harmony with the thought and spirit of the age.

To attain this end these responsive readings have been compiled, and a series of "prayers" subjoined, in the earnest hope that through them a Ptolemaic theology may be eliminated from the young minds who have inherited it from their parents, and the principles of a pure moral idealism be fixed in their hearts. A few hymns — selected from a variety of sources — have been appended, and are meant to form a supplement to the few in other books that can be sung without violating reason's demand for consistent phraseology and thought.

The compiler would express his indebtedness, for certain portions of his work, to those of his predecessors whose Anthologies have been consulted. Also to Mr. James H. West (whose "Uplifts of Heart and Will" were inspired by the same purpose which has impelled to the preparation of this book) for valuable counsel and assistance as the work was passing through the press.

Chelsea, Mass., January 21, 1890.

BROTHERHOOD.

Men are born for the sake of men, that they may mutually benefit each other.

We are members of one great body, and we must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.

The law imprinted on all men's hearts is to love one another.

I will look on the whole world as my country, and all men as my brothers.

I am a man, and nothing that concerns human beings is indifferent to me.

Say not, "I will love the wise, and hate the unwise"; you should love all mankind.

If a man despise me, it is his duty to see why he does so; it is my duty to do nothing that deserves contempt.

Let us not love in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth.

We are made for co-operation, and to act against one another is to act contrary to nature.

There is one church universal — therefore hate not thy brother.

Do nothing without a purpose, and let that have some public end.

The good man loves all men, he loves to speak with all.

The mean man sows that he himself may reap, but the love of the perfect man extends to all men.

It is not life to live for ourselves, but to help each other.
The narrow-minded ask, "Is this man a stranger, or is he of our tribe?" but to those in whom love dwells the whole world is but one family.
One should seek for others the happiness he desires for himself.
Not the failures of others, but his own misdeeds, should one most observe.
Glory not in thy self, but in thy neighbor.
There is no higher duty than to work for mankind.

LIFE.

The measure of a man's life is the way that he spends it.
Never prefer length of life to breadth of life.
It is not the longest, but the most virtuous life, that is the best.
To eat and drink and sleep, and to pace round in a mill of habit,—that is not life.
Knowledge, beauty, truth, love, faith,—these alone make life.
He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Wisdom is the guide of man, and an unspotted life is old age.
A man may die old at twenty, and young at three-score, according as he has lived.
A life of one day, wise and reflecting, is better than a thousand years of ignorance and passion.
A life of one day's soul-growth is better than a thousand years of animal existence.
Gather some profit to thy soul; wherever thou art, imitate good examples.
Remember always thine end, and that time lost never returns.
Through care and diligence must we attain virtue.
Thou wilt always have joy at eventide if thou hast spent the day well.
Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leads to evil.
Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leads to life.
No man can serve two masters; ye cannot love righteousness and sin.
Life is warfare; those who climb its steep path, who go nobly through its dangers, are the brave souls, the heroes of the world.
Better is it to die than to live ill!
Let us so love life that we shall spend it in proper ways.
If I had to choose between righteousness and existence, I should choose righteousness, and let existence go.
I dislike death indeed, but I dislike falsehood and unrighteousness more than death.

Guide therefore thy soul in the right track; put on the breast-plate of righteousness; then be worthy of the armor you have put on.
The soul is its own witness; offend not thy conscious soul.
O my child! in the summing up of life, the question will be, not who your father was, but what you have done.
Let us, then, follow after those things which lead to virtue, to holiness, and to peace of mind and heart.

"PRAYER."

To become divine, to grow in purity of heart and earnestness of will,—unto this end are we called; for this would we more heartily strive. May the spirit of selflessness find a deeper place in our hearts to-day. May it be our aim, through the coming week, to take on more of the self-forgetting spirit, to fix our thoughts upon others' needs rather than on our own, to search out ways of helpfulness to all around us, to bless them by glad and willing giving of ourselves to help them on. So shall we become divine, growing ever more and more into that fulness of perfection which is the goal of our life.

ALFRED W. MARTIN.

BELLAMY'S CRITIC CRITICIZED.

II.

IN the previous article I treated the matter of the imagined increase of opportunity, under Nationalism, for intemperance. Another defect in "Looking Backward," visible to Mr. Potter's eyes, is insufficient protection to sexual purity, especially in view of the fact that the elder portion of the community may be unoccupied. This point is handled with timidity, but with a clear view of its present importance and its capacity to produce social misery. I cannot, however, agree that "Looking Backward" "takes very inadequate notice" of this danger. After removing nearly all of that which creates the danger, it is scarcely worth while to place our present "skeleton of the closet" upon the printed page.

If adequacy signifies the relation of means to the power of conditions that surround their end, then inadequacy is far more justly chargeable against the immense provisions for social purity everywhere visible to-day, than against the lesser provisions of the "twentieth century." Mr. Potter should have noted that we not only make these immense moral provisions to-day,—immense even to offensive suggestiveness,—but that, at the same time, our social system

makes far greater provisions for the cultivation of unregulated sexual passion. We deal with a subject here that is older and stronger than intemperance; as old, indeed, as vegetable structures or chemical attractions. And it cannot be headed off, or restrained, but must be directed by conditions. It is upon these conditions that Mr. Bellamy spends his chief thought; and therefore his treatment of the subject, as compared with present moralizing, is particularly adequate. All moral consideration of this subject must take Nature into account. She will not be thwarted in her deep-lying purposes, and we attempt it at our peril. The money-making aims of the present system do attempt this, and the direct result is seen in the licentiousness that surrounds us. Distorted, unnatural, forced lives, warped by the demands of eager trade, producing in a large number of cases a forced separation of the sexes, and in an equally large number the purchase of wedded love by gold, position, or some minor consideration of local or temporary interest, from which souls awaken in desperation or despair,—these are the products of our times.

Especially ought every woman to welcome Nationalism with a shout of joy and song of deliverance; for, for the first time in the history of the world, she is here offered more than a delusive freedom. Here she is free to be true to her most sacred instincts,—her love unencumbered by inability to earn her living, or by any temptation to sell herself for less than the equivalent she may be willing to give. Contrast this position with that at present existing, where every breeze that moves the social world conspires to render her conventionally true and intrinsically false. Out of these false unions arises that "poison in the blood," which, continuing for generations, somewhere breaks out in evil.

But false unions, apart from the inherent falsity they transmit, are perhaps not much worse than the singleness of forced separation. How many clerks dare not marry on their small salaries! The poor clerk, or employee, who marries, not only "gives hostages to fortune," but to his employer. He furnishes him with one more chain, and his own mind with one more danger. Unmarried, we need not follow him. His life may be noble, but it is capable of unpleasant surprises. Worse than all, its deformity of nature reacts upon woman, and doubles or quadruples iniquity. We need not go further with this question. Illustrative types offensively abound.

The young of both sexes are safe when love is unbought. Social purity is safe under Nationalism, *because* love is unpurchasable. I am surprised at myself that I am arguing this question. I am equally surprised that it needs argu-

ment. The nineteenth-century house of glass is not built for stone-throwing.

One other point touched upon by Mr. Potter should have brief notice. It is, How can we keep men at work? Perhaps this query naturally suggests itself to our minds, because we are so accustomed to coercive measures in all labor that we cannot appreciate the force of an opposite course, such as Mr. Bellamy portrays, even though we know that induction and incentive are Nature's methods. The State, under Nationalism, is neither our present government, which controls our liberties by an external force, nor our present factory, which controls our time in the same manner. Under neither borrowed figure can it be set up over against the individual as a limiting power, or a private enterprise. The Nationalists' State is simply a business corporation, representing a partnership in which all are equal owners by nature, in which all attain fuller freedom and a larger individuality, out of which money values and money control have been eliminated and men govern themselves by their own or by their self-selected merit. It is the self-government which the present false blossom of quasi-Republicanism prophesies. Under it, coercion will gradually be relegated to the days of the past, with our goblins and our nursery-bears for bad children.

Coercion belongs to Milton and Dante. They won the right to it: they built it its only proper home. If we have borrowed it for a time to help us over nursery-days, as we have borrowed other of their belongings, let us retnrn the former, as already we are returning the latter.

I fancy this lingering love of coercion, like some Mediæval ghost, plays tricks with ardent minds even in temperance. Often it carries the banner at the head of the procession. We think somebody needs it. Do we know whom? Mr. Potter would refuse it as an independent thinker. I would refuse it, and the — "common people"? Well, I am one of them, and they are mostly like myself: they lead well, but drive badly. We have no forces in Nature to spare, and are wise only when we direct them; never when we give them a pent life like steam in the boiler, as we are doing at present, and sit upon the safety-valve to keep the force under control.

In the brief space of a criticism I have attempted to go back of Mr. Potter's statistical "cause," and to show its grounds in present conditions. The work has not been thorough, but a hasty indication of lines of work.

Honest, conscientious and scientific investigation of the claims of Nationalism, with wise caution in yielding to them amidst any prevailing enthusiasm, is needed. But the thinker should be able to divest himself of any undue

influence from the nineteenth as well as the twentieth century. The eyes of most critics of Nationalism are filled with the dust of the present system. Let him who will reach the scientific truth in the subject rise above the obscurities of the present artificial order, study the truths of Nationalism with both sympathetic receptivity and intellectual analysis, and he will be upon the road towards that natural order, scientific morality and divine harmony which somewhere *is*, and is the goal of man.

W. G. Todd.

CYPRESS-CROWNED.

To-day the winds of March are wild.
The swallows huddle 'neath the shore;
Their wings are still — they cannot fly.
But yonder, whirled about the sky,
The gulls are circling, o'er and o'er:
The gull is Ocean's passive child,
To storm or sunshine reconciled.

The winds of Fate adversely blow.
My friends and fellows do not sing;
They sing but when the waves are calm.
I look not always for the palm,
I take what laurels Fate may bring,
With cypress crowned sometimes I go —
My way is sometimes through the snow.

James H. West.

OUR PRESENT MODE OF CITY GOVERNMENT.*

Let us consider for a moment the development of this new republic. Happily we may do so from the standpoint of a full century's experience. In seeking for the causes of what we shall find as its fruition, one of the first mistakes will doubtless be to attribute to the agency of the Constitution, itself, far more than can be justly claimed for it. With a favoring climate, a virgin soil, freedom from intestine broils, and from foreign wars either of conquest or of defence — a sturdy race of men, filled with the unconquerable resolution which characterized our early immigrants, would perhaps have given an impetus to our Western civilization which no mere form of government would have withstood or hindered.

Again, it is not to be forgotten that this sacred instrument was itself a patchwork of concessions, holding within its terms a flat denial of the absolute rights of men, and

* Copyright, 1890, by James H. West, Publisher. (Extract from "The Evolution of the State," *Modern Science Essayist*, No. 22.)

made possible as the organic law only by the surrender of convictions which were not lightly held by the States of New York and Rhode Island, which were among the last to adopt it. Indeed, the question is now very seriously, and with great force, raised, whether we shall be able effectually to deal with evils which are manifestly grave, until we shall have deliberately revised this great Charter of our liberty.

Among the recent contributions to the literature of statesmanship, one of the strongest in its statement and in the admirable temper of its pages is a small work on True Democratic Government, written a few years ago by Albert Stickney. After setting forth the advantages of a Democratic Government, he argues with great cogency that we need to reorganize our organic law, and that a Convention should be called to that end. Whatever may be said of the perfect character of the work of our fathers, they themselves were not so vain-glorious as not to provide, in the terms of the instrument they presented for adoption, the process of amendment. And, although it is probably true, as Von Holst has declared in his history of Constitutional Law, that "the republic has been more conservative in its fundamental law than any State whatever of the European Constitution," yet it must be conceded that if we cannot, as a people, be trusted to sit in deliberation upon what the organic law of our nation should be, then we have already demonstrated the failure of a republican or democratic form of government. Furthermore, if we are candid with ourselves, we must see that, for some reason or other, great evils have arisen in government, which are due either to an inadequate organic law or to an imperfect administration of that law.

Let us pause for a moment to consider one of the most obvious of these. I refer to the conspicuous incapacity of any present mode of city government. No demonstration of this fact is needed. The public till is deemed by many to be a legitimate field for plunder. Its guardians have a market price. There is no municipal legislature in any considerable city of the Union, the character of whose working majority of membership is such as to command any large degree of confidence in either its integrity, industry or intelligence. The important franchises of our cities are hawked about in undiscovered places to the holders of the largest purses. Public interests lie dormant; private interests are *rampant*. Public office is made to produce the largest results to the smallest number. Men with polished exterior insist that they must make terms with what are called the "practical politicians," or else we shall accomplish nothing at all; and so the dispensers of patronage quietly place good men where they will do the least harm,

and deliver the most important interests of the city to men who market their opportunity to the best personal advantage.

The representation of the City of New York in the last legislature is a frightful example of incapacity and corruption; — and what else could be expected when we find that one-third of its entire delegation were born outside the country whose important interests they were called upon to serve? So rank have these conditions become that they are attracting the attention of statesmen everywhere. So able and impartial an observer as Mr. Bryce has found it necessary to say, "There is no denying that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." Nor is this failure of minor importance. When our constitution was framed, there were but thirteen cities whose population exceeded 5000, and but one with more than 40,000 inhabitants. To-day there are thirty exceeding 100,000, and two exceeding 1,000,000. Ninety-seven per cent. of the population for which our fathers provided a scheme of government, lived outside the city limits; to-day less than seventy-eight per cent. inhabit the country.

Within that time, space has been nearly annihilated; and communication is almost uninterrupted. A great thought uttered at any center of the world instantly vibrates throughout Christendom. The rapid acquisition of surplus wealth fills the streets of the metropolis, and the trend of all things, in densely populated centers, is daily seen to be more and more toward complexity. This, with a constantly changing environment, engenders problems of which the framers of our Constitution never dreamed. Is it strange that the machinery should need to be readapted to its new task?

But, it may be said, If the people are competent to govern; if, by the process of a natural evolution, the supreme power has been rationally devolved upon the entire citizenship, why is not an efficient appeal made to that original source of power? Are we not justified, by the experience of the last twenty years, in replying that, while exceptional spasms of reform have here and there worked temporary relief from especially aggravating epochs of corruption, yet the people have really delegated their franchise to the active leaders of the two great political parties? My meaning is, that neither any one, nor any thousand, nor any twenty thousand citizens of any considerable city, can, under existing machinery, do anything other than express a *preference* at the polls. But the ballot was given, at its origin, as a means of choosing from many, and not simply of preferring. Exactly stated, the government of this and most of our cities is in the absolute control of a limited number of men in both political parties, and any reason-

ably well-informed politician of either party would be competent to make up a list of less than fifty "wheel-horses" in politics, whose favor would insure his elevation to any office in the municipality. These constitute a political oligarchy, who furnish us with as poor a government as they dare to do.

Such is party municipal government, which is rightly said by Mr. Stickney, in his latest volume on "The Political Problem," to mean, "Government by organized bodies of professional electioneering agents, who betake themselves to the work of carrying elections because it pays; who are compelled by the force of circumstances to make it pay, and who will continue so to do just so long as the work is so vast, so regular and has such large prizes."

What then are we to conclude? That in an age when rapid advances are being made in all departments of human endeavor, when science and invention and all forms of achievement are striding rapidly forward, the State is lagging in the race? Quite possibly this is true. Having delegated our right of choice, as has been suggested, to the politicians, we have reached an epoch in the evolution of the State when the art and science of government are left in abeyance, and the best thought and effort of our time are given to other pursuits.

One evidence of this is to be found, as it seems to me, in the observation that, among civilized peoples, the rights of person and property, which are essential tests of governmental efficiency, are not largely affected by particular forms of government. At any rate, an unprejudiced view of the conditions of society as determined by institutional forms in England and the United States would not, as I think, disclose such serious discrepancies as might be supposed to exist. It may well be doubted whether the citizen of Toronto, Canada, is not quite as comfortably governed as the citizen of Brooklyn; and among civilized communities, the advantages of discoveries and inventions in science and art have been quite as efficiently availed of in one as in another form of liberal government. "Obedience is what makes government," says Edmund Burke, and "not the names by which it is called." Even in the ideal governments, many limitations were set up which this enlightened age would instantly disallow. In More's Utopia, it was death to talk about the government; while, in our modern England and America, it is almost criminal, during a certain portion of any year, to talk about anything else. In Plato's Republic, citizens were to be punished if they attempted to concern themselves with trade. In these days of the actual republic, a vast number of our citizens find little concern in anything else.

JOHN A. TAYLOR.

FATALISTIC SCIENCE AND HUMAN SELF-DETERMINATION.

IV. WHENCE OUR POWER TO MOVE AT WILL?

Materialism teaches that all motion in nature — our own movements included — is rigorously the outcome of a mechanical transfer of energy; and that the mental phenomena, emotional, intellectual, sensational, and volitional, which happen to arise in connection with some of the movements that occur in organic beings, have to be looked upon as a mere by-play, with no power whatever to influence the mechanically determined modes of motion. (Du Bois-Reymond, Huxley, etc.)

Idealism, on the contrary, teaches that all activity in this world emanates as intellectual energy from spiritual beings; and that all we call the material universe — our own body included — is in reality, out and out, a phenomenal product of such intellectual energy. (Berkeley, Hegel, our present Neo-Kantians,— all, indeed, who believe Being to be identical with Thought.)

Dualism maintains that the world at large, and human beings in particular, are the product of the confluence of two radically different principles,— the one a material substance, the other a spiritual essence. And the mode of "intercommunication" of these two incommensurable principles is conceived, by different dualistic thinkers, to take place in different ways. The Cartesians believe that mind and body are made to interact by divine and miraculous intervention. Leibnitz thought that the seeming intercommunication between mind and body is no intercommunication at all; but that mental phenomena correspond exactly to physical phenomena, because these two heterogeneous sets of phenomena have been thus ordered and timed by a divinely pre-established harmony. A definite mental volition, for instance, being in this preordained manner made to coincide with its apparent bodily execution; or a perception with what is perceived. Kant, though a firm believer in the fatalistic or mechanical necessity of natural causation, was nevertheless convinced that our moral Will, and it alone, is capable of controlling the physical nexus by force of a transcendently derived power of free rational causation; a power unmistakably evinced in all moral actions. In our time, some extreme believers in the interconvertibility of different modes of force have been led to maintain that mental states are likewise modes of force, and, as such, interconvertible with physical modes,— a thought, for instance, being convertible into heat, or other modes of motion; and *vice versa*. And there have always been such, who — undismayed by the utter dissimilarity of nature

obtaining between an immaterial mental state and a material body — have held it almost self-evident that certain mental states possess the necessary motor energy to set our bodily machinery going in whatever way intended.

Monism, taking for granted the fundamental identity of the two seemingly disparate principles of Dualism, strives rationally to unify them. In this attempt it assumes mostly a pantheistic form. Materialism becomes pantheistically monistic by potentially endowing an assumed uniform primordial world-substratum with all the efficiencies manifest in our full-fledged universe. Idealism becomes monistic and pantheistic by reducing all natural phenomena, physical as well as mental, to modes of thought of an all-comprising universal Intelligence. Spinoza, the modern Monist *par excellence*, sought to effect pantheistic unification by allowing the two substances of Descartes to flow as attributes from one single absolute substance. Herbert Spencer, the chief advocate of the interconvertibility of mental and physical modes of force-manifestation, derives them all from one unknowable First Cause or Persistent Force; and this agnostic Monism is likewise pantheistic.*

Thus bewildering is the uncertainty regarding the relation of mind and body, which prevails in all recorded attempts at unifying their totally disparate natures, or at understanding their seeming intercommunication.

*In No. 125, p. 2049, of *The Open Court*, Dr. Francis E. Abbot pronounces it a "ludicrous blunder" on the part of Mr. B. F. Underwood, that he "professes Monism and Agnosticism at the same time"; adding that this "betrays hopeless ignorance of the very A. B. C. of philosophy." If so, Mr. Underwood commits this ludicrous blunder and shares this hopeless ignorance with and among a rather select company. For Plotinus asserts that his "unthinking and unmoving One" transcends all rational *knowledge*. Giordano Bruno did not believe that "the Infinite, in which all things are one,—a moment not differing from eternity, unity from multitude, a solid from a mathematical point,"—he did not believe that such "absolute" Being is or can be known by us. Malebranche declares plainly that we cannot comprehend the infinitely perfect and absolutely simple being of God. Jacob Boehme's "Silent Nothing" is an agnostic appellation, expressive of the unknowable nature of his monistic principle. No knowledge can pierce the profundity of Schelling's "dark World-Matrix." And Schopenhauer's superintelligible Will abides in incognizable latency beyond the reach of all thought. These by no means obscure philosophers are all agnostic Monists. Through the consensus of the competent their names stand prominent in the history of thought. Yet Dr. Abbot tells us, quite seriously, that he has "faced Agnosticism in every form"; that he has "hunted up the strongest arguments they (the Agnostics) can produce, weighed them in the coldest, driest light of reason, and found them to be absolute trash." This has always been the "Gnostic's" estimate of other people's opinion. Among monistic Theologians, Dr. Abbot happens luckily to be in a position to know all about his God; to know him "as at once Infinite Machine, Infinite Organism, and Infinite Person." Other less fortunate searchers after God declare Him to be utterly "incomprehensible." Evidently, this knowing the intimate nature of one's God is less a matter of "Science" than of fanciful venture; or, let us perhaps rather say, a matter of devotional surrender to preconceived ideas.

Our particular task at present is to discover, amid this confusion of idealistic and materialistic potencies, where the power to move at will actually resides: Whether it is by means of motor force, inherent in some of our mental states, that we voluntarily move; or whether the conscious states that seem to enter into volitional activity have to be looked upon as a mere ineffective mental by-play, the entire process taking place, in reality, through purely mechanical means; or whether, after all, there is a spontaneously acting agent or subject here at work,—an agent moving at will, and having also the consciousness of thus moving.

To attack this difficult problem in proper order, we have first of all to find out what it is that essentially distinguishes mental states, such as we are inwardly aware of, from material or bodily appearances, such as we outwardly perceive.

It is an actual fact, and not a mere conjecture, that our conscious or so-called mental states,—our sensations, perceptions, emotions, thoughts, and volitions,—can, as such, in no way be perceived by any outside observer. Our body, on the contrary, can be directly and most distinctly perceived by any outside observer, whose senses are in a sound condition. Here, then, we have come upon a fundamental and unmistakable contrast of nature, obtaining between what we call our mind and what we call our body. That which constitutes our mind has no power whatever to affect the senses of an observer; that which constitutes our body has power to do so. Our body is perceptible; our mind imperceptible. Our body must therefore be something totally different from our mind, something that can never be rightly identified with anything conscious or mental.

This simple consideration disposes conclusively of such Idealism as endeavors to identify our whole being with one or the other kind of mental state found to form part of our consciousness; to identify it, for instance, with what we become aware of as our thoughts or volitions. We have indeed no right whatever to designate—as Idealists do—that which thinks and wills,—which, moreover, moves and feels, and performs many other actions; we have no right to designate it by the exclusive name of "Thought" or "Will." We are not merely thinking or willing beings; much less pure Intellects or pure Wills. The truth is, we become conscious, among other mental states, of *particular* thoughts and *particular* volitions; and these constitute, simultaneously with particular sensations, perceptions, and emotions, our consciousness for the time being. Surely, the permanent Agent or Subject, who experiences these particular transient thoughts and volitions, must necessarily possess a nature transcending not only in degree, but in kind, that of any part of his own ever-changing conscious

content. He can just as little resemble any of his thoughts and volitions, as he can resemble any of his sensations, perceptions, or emotions. He is evidently something comprising all these modes of consciousness, something whose activity is giving rise to them all.

But directly and completely subversive of philosophical Idealism, as now professed by the majority of prominent thinkers, is the simple fact that the permanent Subject who experiences the mental states has an outwardly perceptible body. This perceptively manifested body consists of something incontestably not of the nature of Thought, or Will, or anything else of mental consistency. For — be it again and again repeated — nothing of mental consistency is at all outwardly perceptible. No outside observer can perceive another person's volitions, thoughts, emotions, perceptions or sensations. Therefore, our body, which can be perceived by other persons, does not consist of mental stuff, such "as dreams are made of." Knowing thus, for certain, that the Agent or Subject who performs the voluntary movements is not of the nature of any of his mental states, however much such mental states may introspectively seem to enter into his volitional manifestation; knowing this, once for all, it cannot possibly be anything of mental or conscious consistency that actuates our voluntary movements.

As the power to move at will is found not to reside in anything of mental or conscious consistency, it now devolves upon us, in our quest after the seat of voluntary power, to examine the non-mental, perceptible nature of the moving individual.

The chief distinguishing characteristic of that which constitutes what is called the body of the moving individual is, as we have seen, its perceptibility. This, in fact, means that stimulating influences, emanating from the perceived individual, have power to affect the senses of outside observers, and to awaken in them certain specific mental states called percepts. These percepts of the observer signalize most distinctly the presence and the *sensible* peculiarities of the perceived individual. But, though they thus vividly and characteristically signalize the perceived individual, they are not — as commonly believed — themselves the perceived individual; but merely a definite kind of mental state forming part of the consciousness of the observer. It is of the utmost importance to be quite clear regarding this cardinal point; for the leading fallacy of the materialistic interpretation of nature is, straightway to mistake the percepts or sense-wrought images for the real existents signalized by them. Materialism takes the observer's mental image to be the real thing perceived, and builds on this airy foundation its entire world-structure.

But, is it not certain that, when an observer is perceiving my body, his senses have become affected by stimulating influences flowing out from my being, whereupon a definite set of percepts arose in him signalizing my body? Would it not be absurd to believe that this set of percepts, awakened in him in this roundabout way, constitutes my real body, the body inseparably belonging to me? The observer turns away, and his mental representation of my body vanishes wholly from out his consciousness. Will any sane person maintain that my actual body, now no longer perceived, no longer present as a percept in the consciousness of the observer, has likewise vanished into nothingness? How can my body, while awakening fragmentary and transient representations of itself in an observer, or in many observers; how can it depart from me and become transformed in those mental states of theirs? How can my body come to form, in any way, part of the consciousness of another person? Yet, this is what Materialists and most other people actually believe. They think that the perception of a thing is the thing itself, that the observer's, or, for that matter, their own, sense-wrought percept of their body is actually that body itself.

No wonder that, under this totally erroneous supposition, attempts to understand voluntary activity must prove in the highest degree perplexing. The problem, then, assumes the following eminently paradoxical form: How does it come about that, when a person performs voluntary actions, the percept signalizing his body in the consciousness of another person goes through a certain round of definite movements? How can I, when voluntarily active, make the percept inside the other man execute corresponding "voluntary movements"? All this I have actually the power to do, by force of the sense-stimulating influences flowing out from my being. But now comes the stumbling-block: How can my consciousness of this my voluntary activity, a consciousness manifesting itself as mental forecast, motive, effort; how can these, my own mental states, which have no power to affect the senses of an observer, make the percept within the other man move at will? It is utterly impossible. Yet this is exactly what most Determinists maintain. They believe, in fact, that the motives of the observed person have power to set going the movements of the observer's perceptive image. For their contention is that the motives effectively determine the movements. Only, they generally reverse in thought the seat of the "motives" and that of the "movements"; believing the former to be modes of energy acting upon the willing being from without, and the latter (the perceptual movements) to be, on the contrary, modes of activity of the

willing being itself. A motive, however, is a mental state of the willing being; the perceived "voluntary movement," believed by Determinists to be caused by it, a mental state of the perceiver.

It should be clear, to whoever has attentively followed the previous discussion, that that which we see moving when a person performs voluntary actions, is not his real body, but merely a sense-wrought perceptual representation of it; — that, consequently, the movements of this perceptual representation are merely the observer's own mental signs of the real voluntary action performed by the person perceived. A person performs a voluntary action by force of efficiencies inherent in his non-mental nature. The action is perceived by observers as movements undergone by their own mental image.

Our next step will be to show that the nature of our real body differs *toto genere* from that of its mental or conscious representation. This total difference is not difficult to demonstrate, though there are thinkers among us who innocently believe they have caught up with the scientific spirit and method when they arbitrarily identify the nature of a person's perception with that which is perceived.

It is incontestable that I can perceive not only my own body, but, in the same sense-wrought manner, also the body of other persons. And it is quite as incontestable, that I cannot perceive the *percept* of a body forming part of any person's consciousness. The most vivid percept of a body may this moment be forming part of your consciousness; yet, if I could look you through and through, I could never come to see the faintest trace of it. All I could possibly see, while such a percept is consciously present in you, would be a definite molecular motion occurring in my percept of your brain. This mere quiver of so-called material particles would be, to my perception, the only sign indicating the marvelous perceptive activity of your being; an activity manifesting itself to your own consciousness as the vivid percept now forming part of it. Thus remotely and inadequately does material motion in the form of a molecular stir of brain-matter represent our perceiving, thinking and willing activity.

Face to face with this evident state of things, it is hard to understand how any thinker can persist in identifying the nature of that which is perceived with the nature of the perceiver's perception of it; can identify something which has power to affect, even through intervening media, the senses of an observer, with something absolutely devoid of such power. Besides, is it likely that something demonstrably of a non-mental nature and possessing permanency of being, can in any way resemble a transient mental state

casually awakened in whatever observer may happen to have his senses affected by it? The percept arises as a mere conscious state within the observer's being. The thing perceived abides as a non-mental existent outside the observer's being. No more trenchant distinction can anywhere be found.

To become convinced where our power to move at will really resides, it remains to be shown that the mental state or consciousness of a person performing a voluntary action does not itself enter as a causal link or moving force into the performance; but becomes manifest as a mere forceless functional outcome of such activity;—an outcome corresponding symbolically with the observer's perception of the *same* activity. The volitional consciousness constitutes the *performer's* inner awareness of his own activity; while the so-called bodily movements, central and peripheral, corresponding to it, constitute—when at all perceived—the *observer's* perception of it. It matters not that in this case the observer may be also the performer. His perceptual image of the moving body is just as much sense-wrought through external stimulation as it would be in other observers, or as any other body would be to himself.

Now, the proof that the consciousness of volitional activity is an outcome of the function of our non-mental being, and not itself a cause of that function, lies in the fact that our non-mental being can be perceived, both at rest and in action. Could I, as observer, have a completely transparent percept of your non-mental being, or so-called body, during the time you are volitionally and otherwise mentally at rest, its central and peripheral parts would present the definite appearance of a non-functioning organism. The moment you performed a volitional action, my perception of your non-mental being or body would begin to move in certain ways, would present the appearance of a functioning organism; its function originating centrally as molecular motion and spreading to peripheral parts as so-called voluntary movements.

Can there be a doubt that, under these conditions, the mental states accompanying our volitional activity can be only an ineffective functional outcome of it; while the action itself emanates as efficient power from the hidden depths of our non-mental being?

Voluntary efficiency, then, consists essentially in a power possessed by centralized organisms of *originating* functional activity in those parts of their being which are perceptible as "voluntary muscles."

No wonder that this immanent power of acting at will is involved in so much mystery. It flows from the intrinsic constitution of our non-mental being, which being is object-

ively known only through the utterly inadequate symbolical representation, which by means of sense-stimulation arises in the consciousness of observers. From such most indirectly induced perceptual signs it would be too much to expect to learn how, in reality, the Subject manages to initiate the activity that we perceive thus reflected in our remotely symbolical image.

A similar want of adequate insight attaches to our perception of inorganic bodies and their activities. Here we likewise become aware through the medium of our senses of nothing but changes in the position of greater or smaller parts of our own percept. All change in nature is perceptible only as motion of some kind, occurring in our sense-wrought image of things; is known to us only in this indirect and symbolical manner. What in truth do we know of gravitation, light, heat, electricity, chemical affinity, mechanical energy, together with cohesion, elasticity, and other specific properties of that which we perceive;—what do we know of the intimate nature of all these sense-revealed powers of the perceptible universe? Science declares them to be simply divers modes of motion; which means nothing more than that, whenever we watch our percept of bodies as they go through one or the other mode of activity, we perceive corresponding modes of motion taking place in this our percept of them: or at least have a right analogically to infer perceptual motion of some kind. How these modes of motion are in reality actuated or induced, we have not the faintest idea. Yet there are professed "scientific" philosophers bold enough to maintain that the world is intelligible through and through.

Of the intimate nature of our own being we have, however, a far more direct and ample manifestation than that afforded by its perceptual image. Our World-comprising, Self-revealing consciousness, which proves to be an outcome of the functional activity of our central organ, allows us an incomparably more immediate, profound and far-reaching insight into the wondrous potencies of our real nature, than the roundabout, sense-wrought perception of our body and its activities. Still, this all-revealing consciousness, whose content of mental states is changing from moment to moment, arising into actual presence from hidden depths of being and vanishing dreamlike into nothingness; this eminently phenomenal play of our ever newly-sustained moment of conscious realization is likewise merely a functional outcome of our permanent non-mental, non-material being;—a being kept thus indiscerptible and efficient through constant vital renovation.

And it is in this permanent being of ours, revealed to us only symbolically, first through direct inner awareness, and

then more remotely through external perception; it is in this life-bearing, power-irradiating Self of ours that the efficiency to move at will resides.

Knowing whence our will-power emanates, we have now, in order to complete the task of vindicating human self-determination against the prevalent mechanical or fatalistic interpretation of Life, further to show how the acting person manages *rationally* to control his power to move at will.

EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

THE RACER.

My fate is but common. I am of those
Who toil in your cities without repose,
Our portion the brier, and yours the rose.

To the hot city, by no breath fanned,
Or forth in the cold of an ice-bound land,
I must daily go, there to join the band

Of the weary hearts and the weary face;
There must I go, there take my own place
In the working-women's unending race:

Rushing onward, neck to neck in the "field,"
Where not a creature her place dares yield,
For if that be done her doom is sealed.

If one should fail on the daily rack
She is thrown aside,—there are others back,
So the fallen must not obstruct the track.

All are fighting their way, with arms and fist;—
Not in the hope to be first in the list,
But for gracious permission to exist.

And still they come flying, flying along,
There are hundreds eager to join the throng,
With no time to think of the right and wrong

Of this awful race of a mighty host,
Who but keep their place at the very most,
With no rest in sight, and no winning-post.

Pray, what do *you* think, on your high "grand-stand,"
You women, whose husbands rule this "free" land,
Of the onward rush of this hopeless band?

And who is that Power in the Judge's chair,
All utterly silent, enthroned there?
Ah, what *can* He be that He does not care?

He who saw the race when it first begun;
Who even "ordained" that it should be run
In the chilling cold, 'neath the burning sun!

He is very great, you tell us, and good;
You build Him temples, stone, marble and wood,
Where you sit in the pride of womanhood,

With your children, different all from ours,—
As idle and fair as the dainty flowers
Lying smiling and calm 'neath the altar-towers.

And there you complain how strange is the case
That we, dust-begrimed with our weary race,
Do not come to worship in that high place!

Yes, there you lament what a strange, strange thing
That whenever your costly bells out-ring
The thankless "lost" poor find no praise to sing,—

When they ought to come in long procession
To be taught a wholesome self-suppression,
And the truth of apostolic succession;

That to give of their mite were nobly done;
That the rich and poor are most truly one,
And all men are equal under the sun!

Such words as these make a good impression:
But not in your very longest session
Will one hear that ugly word, Oppression!

Perhaps it is true that in your high place,
Well out of the heat and dust of the race,
You've a clearer view of the Judge's face,

A knowledge keen of His high intent,
And of what the long, long silence has meant;—
The temple's veil for you may be rent.

But for us without, at the portals grim,
Who have been here so long awaiting Him—
For us here, you see, the hope grows dim;

The Judge is far off, the heavens are high,—
Too distant to hear the racers cry
To those above them: "Your creed is a lie!

"Come down to the 'track,' to the din and pain;
Tear down your churches, then build again
A temple where Justice alone shall reign.

"Or else honestly own, when all is told,
That your only Judge is the old god Gold,
So hard, so cruel, so selfish and cold."

ELISSA M. MOORE.

PROGRESS IN CATHOLIC THOUGHT.

IT is fast growing to be a truism that if the Christian churches are hereafter to be anything more than small and select mutual-admiration societies, their teachers will have to recognize and place themselves in line with modern thought. Unquestionably the spirit of the age is against absolutism, against narrow dogmatism, against restriction in the social, political and moral world. The wise ecclesiastic is he who recognizes this tendency and no longer relies upon the implicit faith of the devotee or the terror of the superstitious as an ally of his religion. Men are beginning more and more to demand of religious teachers a reason for

the faith that is in them. To the minds of many the ideas of liberality and of churchmanship seem to imply a sort of mutual antagonism. They admit that most members of the Christian priesthood of every denomination are kind-hearted and charitable, and sometimes consider them useful in scaring men into being orderly members of society, but there is frequently a mistrust of their policy and methods.

This condition of affairs is, however, slowly bringing about much needed reforms. Churchmen are coming to recognize the necessity of a changed attitude towards modern progress. There is undeniably working a revolution in theology. No better evidence of its existence can probably be found than in the altered attitude of the leaders of Roman Catholic thought. This change found strong expression in the recent Catholic Congress at Baltimore, and the events which accompanied it. Half a century ago, Mgr. Quarantotti could write to the English cabinet, citing the United States as a terrible example of rebellion, and adducing in support of Papal claims the fact that, while the Protestant colonies of America rebelled against His Majesty, King George III., the Catholic colony of Canada remained loyal. To-day Cardinal Gibbons boldly plants himself upon the Declaration of Independence and the principles of American liberty, and prepares to defend them in the name of religion.

One of the most significant of the indications of an altered attitude on the part of the Catholic church authorities was the publication in the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, on the eve of the recent congress, of an article practically abandoning the Papal pretentions to temporal power. A few sentences are sufficient to show its liberal tone:

> "We think we voice the intelligent sentiments of American Catholics at least, when we say that it is not desired to interfere with the geographical lines that at present define the boundaries of the kingdom of Italy. The kingly prerogative that formerly inhered in the Pontificate in relation to the temporalities that constituted the Papal dominions is neither essential nor indispensable to the spiritual authority or spiritual dominion of the Pope."

Then it goes on to say that the Pope "has no absolute need for extensive territory wherein to wield the power and exercise the rule of an earthly kingdom. . . . But while the Catholic world may not demand the restoration of the Papal States to the secular dominion of the Pope, it does demand that the Sovereign Pontiff shall enjoy absolute freedom in the exercise of his spiritual authority." That is, the demand now is simply for such freedom as every Episcopal, Catholic or Methodist bishop in the United States enjoys to-day. This is a great departure from the claims which Pius IX. upheld, and twenty years ago such utterances would probably have been the occasion for the

hurling of ecclesiastical censures. Some suspicion of this must have occurred to the mind of the writer, for he adds: "The perpetuity of the church's mission does not involve the possession of 'temporal power' in its old sense." Is not this a practical abandonment of the "old sense"?

Then the calling of the Catholic laity, for the first time in the history of the country, to consult with the clergy, was a long step in advance. To be sure, the rule that all papers read by laymen should be first submitted to some ecclesiastic smacked of the old-fashioned religious censorship, but the laity, once admitted to consultation with their clerical brethren, will soon liberalize their methods. All these things, taken together, give cheering evidence of progress in a quarter where it may not have been generally expected.

THOMAS B. PRESTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE SOCIAL REMEDY."

MY DEAR MR. WEST:

I BEGIN to hope for at least sanity on this subject of Wage-earners, Capital and Labor, etc. The article by Mrs. Dietrick, in the February NEW IDEAL, is worth tons of the stuff given us by the dreamers and visionists who, having assumed a millennial *pou sto*, are able to look backwards on us with sublime contempt in our strugglings upward.

Nevertheless, the problem of poverty has to be worked out. There is no escaping the struggle ahead any more than there was the struggle from the ape up to the man; or from the River-Drift fellow to the Caucasian. Every element of Gladstone represents generations of *struggling* and of *conquest* We must not fool ourselves or mankind with economic panaceas. We must work out our own salvation "because there is a God *in us* to will and to do his good pleasure." The point is to create a God in the low-down chap, and in ourselves when we are down. We have trusted Gods afar-off to help — which has been a blunder. It is the God *in us* that is wanted — the God of work, of economy, of skill, of knowledge, of honor, of good-will. When this comes about, we shall again say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Trust thou in God!"

I read and re-read Mrs. Dietrick's words, with delight. How could she have compacted it better? I would like to see a pat of butter made by a woman who knows so well how to "work out the buttermilk." The attack on capitalists *per se*, and on competition, is an attack on individualism, and leads to a surrender of all our hard-won liberty. Stateism is a possible tyranny beyond all ever conceived. But, read Mrs. Dietrick,—ponder the solid truth. It is the best answer I have seen to the ragers and stormers. It ought to be printed again and again, till it becomes familiar to all our agitators, and to working-folk.

Cordially yours, E. P. POWELL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Evolution of a Life, or from the Bondage of Superstition to the Freedom of Reason. By Rev. Henry Truro Bray, M.A., L.L.D., author of "God and Man," and formerly a Priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Chicago: Holt Publishing Co., 1890. Cloth, 436 pages, $2.00.

We confess that we hardly know what to do with this book, or what to say of it. Its ostensibly major purpose—that of showing the growth of a soul out of the shackles of creed into the glad service of Truth—seems altogether overshadowed by its minor accident (which in reality becomes major), viz., the revelation of the great crudity and gigantic inner-hypocrisy of "churches" and "church-people." Is the volume really a burlesque on religion? Is it 436 pages of direct intentional ridicule of church-members and church-relations? Is it, that is to say, as it professes to be, a real history, and serious throughout? Here is a writer, apparently of open, ingenuous, earnest, prayerful soul, and of unusually pure life, telling tales out of school which will either quickly banish his book, with the undisguised scorn of the populace, and which should perhaps even put the Reverend Doctor in the insane asylum; or else that will give his work such circulation that the sales of "Robert Elsmere" and "Looking Backward" will sink into insignificance beside it. If the book is really serious, it is the worst blow the church and the "godly" have had in generations. The flighty, emotional style of parts of the work leads one to think the Doctor given to hysterics; but, beyond this, there is probably not a "fact" recorded in the volume, whether of church-wrangling or practical religious unbelief, meanness, vice and falsity, that every minister could not fairly well equal out of his own experience. If the book is not quickly suppressed it will certainly damn the Doctor or make him famous. It will make him either noted or notorious. And which to hope for, having in mind the interests of morality and religious progress, we are really quite at a loss to decide. If this is soberly a history of "the children of light," as one honest clergyman has known them—from bishops, ministers, wardens (and wardens' wives) down (or up) to plain "Mr. Fraudulent" and "Mrs. Muchtalk,"—certainly "the children of the world" are blessed.

Unitarianism: Its Origin and History. A Course of Sixteen Lectures. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1890. Cloth, 394 pages, $1.00.

These lectures are by the lights of Conservative Unitarianism, and they are therefore well and ably written. This, in connection with the value of the book historically and exegetically, amply justifies the publication. Joseph Henry Allen, Rev. Dr. Peabody, Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev. Dr. Ellis, Rev. Francis Tiffany, Rev. Geo. Batchelor, Dr. C. C. Everett,—these are a few of the authors. The book furnishes, "in a concise, popular, and yet trustworthy form, information which could otherwise be gathered only by the comparison of many authors and the reading of many books" (Preface), and will interest a wide circle of readers "who may desire to know how Unitarianism came to be, and what has been the course of its history and influence in the Christian centuries." Of much meaning in itself, and perhaps prophetic of yet wider grasp for the denomination in the future, is this opening sentence of the chapter devoted to Theodore Parker, by Rev. S. B. Stewart: "It is allowable to felicitate ourselves, I think, upon the fact that Unitarianism is now a symbol for many convictions of religion of whose virtue and sanity its earlier exponents were profoundly ignorant, or if not ignorant, skeptical; that it has at length agreed to many things that in years past it fiercely combated."

Dedicatory Services, Bell Street Chapel, Providence, R. I., accompanied by six successive Discourses by the minister, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, with selections from the writings of the late James Eddy, the founder of the Chapel.

Certainly the building of this Chapel, for Freedom's sake, was a unique event even in the religious history of the city of Roger Williams. And the more so because, as we find from both the letter and the spirit of Mr. Eddy's own manuscripts, this artist-worshiper who believed and built was never a rude

iconoclast; never a denier of the helpfulness and good in the religion of others: he simply wished that there might exist, in his chosen city, one religious home where worship might be without the limitation of creed or sect. He was strongly a theist, and his belief in the wisdom and goodness of God, coupled with the inherent possibilities of man, is almost his one theme. We can only add that, if all theistic religion in the world was and always had been as sweet and beautiful, and as full of toleration and good-will and hope, as these discourses reveal Mr. Eddy's and Mrs. Spencer's theistic religion to be, there never would have arisen in human language the words Atheism and Agnosticism!

The Psychology of Attention. By Th. RIBOT. Chicago, Open Court Pub. Co. Cloth, 121 pp., 75 cents.

THIS work is an authorized translation from the French, and originally appeared in the pages of the *Open Court*. The author defines attention as "an intellectual state, exclusive or predominant, with spontaneous or artificial adaptation of the individual." He gives much space, however, to its physical and emotional accompaniments. The thesis that he attempts to prove is that every species of attention is invariably accompanied by certain motor changes in the bodily frame, and that these are so essential to attention that they may almost be said to constitute it. The work is divided into three parts, treating successively of spontaneous, voluntary, and morbid attention; and under all these heads are presented facts and ideas that will serve towards a more perfect theory of attention hereafter.

Social Ideals: What they are; their value. By W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis. Pamphlet, 10 cents.

Certainly a thoughtful, interesting and careful essay,—its key-note, perhaps, this expression (p. 17): "We are prone to forget that 'what would be best' is one thing, and 'what is possible' is something else and quite different." Careful, therefore, we say; yet it has, for its motto, Shakespeare: *Isabel:* "Yet show some pity." *Angelo:* "I show it most of all when I show justice, for then I pity those I do not know." On p. 15, moreover, we read: "The basis of the social ideal is—justice."

Culture Among Workingmen: What it is, and what it does. By one of their number,—W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis. Pamphlet, 10 cents.

Shows practically, by example, what may be done in any city or town, by workingmen who are in earnest, towards the bettering of their condition not only "in the matter of wages and the length of the working-day," but also in the other half of every serious wage-earner's "great purpose, namely, to fit ourselves so as to make the best use of this betterment of our condition." A record valuable in suggestiveness, and, we should think, a club admirable for boys, men and working-girls everywhere.

Ethics for the Young: Forty-seven questions and replies. By W. L. Sheldon, lecturer of the Ethical Society, St. Louis. Pamphlet, 10 cents.

The first "Catechism" of the Ethical movement!—and typical, we hope, of numbers more to come of a similar nature. Simplicity itself, yet serious, thoughtful, helpful;—Individualistic and Altruistic, both in one: "That each may find his own in all men's good." Let your boy or girl have it,—and if you yourself will frequently read and ponder it *with* as well as for the child, so much the better for yourself as well as for him!

With forty-four years' weekly experience in anticipating, creating and meeting the needs, tastes and desires of the bright-brained and cultured portion of the public, who can wonder that *The Home Journal*, of New York, grows even more and more successful in its field, year by year? Number 2290!—date of Feb. 26. Twenty-two hundred and ninety times, then, it has knocked at the doors of thousands, and twenty-two hundred and ninety times been gladly opened-to, and welcomed, for its bright, clean face and its entertaining, gossipy, instructive message! And within the past few weeks, in donning its new and more convenient garb and assuming new and desirable features, it has made clear its rightful way for at least twenty-two hundred and ninety welcomes more—which most of us would be only too glad to be sure we should be able to give it!

Mr. Powell's first book, "Our Heredity from God," is in its fourth edition, and goes over to Germany to be published very soon.